



101  
**YOUNG HARVARD**

**AND OTHER POEMS**

(“AN ODE TO HARVARD AND OTHER POEMS”)

**BY**

**WITTER BYNNER**



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*To A. B. W.  
and W. L. W.*



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**AN ODE TO HARVARD**





## AN ODE TO HARVARD

I was with Thee, Alma Mater,  
From that formal first October  
To that fourth and final June;  
Bed by twelve o'clock or later,  
Out again at least by noon;  
Gay at times, but often sober:  
O that dignified October!—  
O that muslin mischief June!  
I who loved Thee, Alma Mater,  
Had to leave Thee all too soon!

Though, many an hour, a ring of castles rises,  
And none in Spain are cosey like to these  
That look through elms and move through  
    memories  
With turns, with turrets and with old surprises,—  
Yet are they vanished on the instant breeze.

But here I am come back, back to the  
    Yard,—with no such flippant tread  
As when I lived in it, but like another Freshman,  
    with as grave a mien,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

As close a survey of its hedge of bricks,  
As though I'd never seen  
Holworthy, Hollis, Massachusetts and the  
rest,  
And Stoughton, which I look at longest and like  
best:

I feel a sudden, a funereal pain,  
A sense of an own parent come to view  
The former haunts of an own son that's dead. . . .

A lump was in my throat, until I said:  
'You sentimental fool,  
It's where you went to school,  
That's all!—

You can come back at any time and find a  
goody-made-up bed  
If not in Stoughton, in some other hall  
Where now as proctors linger fellows whom you  
knew

When proctors seemed impressive things to  
them and you:—

Or visit younger friends, some one perhaps still  
new

To the immemorial methods of Memorial  
cooks!—

That made me smile again,—visions of chicken  
giblet-dressed,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

And as constant lamb as Mary's till petitions  
gave us rest

And sounds of service like a heavy rain.—\*

O how the good discomforts all,  
The little miseries, come back and make me gay  
again!

The melancholy was a mood that fell but to  
make greener the great joy that stays.

See how the buildings are the same as in those  
other days!—

Still the gray squirrels play their jerky tricks  
Near Gray's;

And there the Library peeps through,  
Dear Gothic spinster garrulous with books;  
How well she keeps her looks!—

And here lived two of the best men I knew;  
And there—but O no, no, I try in vain!—  
No, Harvard College, no!—it isn't you!

Ah well, I've got my bearings now,  
And as a ghost—as in a gentle classic hell—  
I take my way amongst the shades

\* I meant to make this epigram,  
But I forgot,—  
That Mary had a little lamb:—  
We had a lot!

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

With a remote and graduated sense of peace,  
And roam the nether-glades  
Under the elms of Stygian bough—  
(That isn't right but near enough to do!)

There goes the bell,  
Calling its monotone in Harvard Hall,—  
And out they come from many a door,  
Across, or by the long diagonal paths from end  
to end

Of the old Yard.

So looked they all

Of yore,

Before decease!—

That walk, that swing, and there that careful  
crease

Of trouser-leg, those tennis rackets, and those  
crazy hats,—all, all the old-time traces. . . .

But let the good bell cease!

Old Jones still rings a knell of dreams, just as  
he did before:

My Harvard College, no!—it isn't you!

It's hard

And yet it's true,—

When all things else are right, that the faces

# AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

All are new!  
So looked they not of yore,  
Before decease!  
This is no gentle classic hell!—  
Be still, old bell!—

Yet this is Harvard College, here and now!

*Tempus fugit* like a streak,—  
But it must be and so be it!  
Why, it hardly seems a week  
Since the time, so to speak,  
When I belonged here, was a loafer, had a  
hold.—  
But the times that now are new  
In a twinkling shall be old,—  
Pretty soon these fellows too  
Will come back to see their college and shan't  
see it.

So I'll think but kindly of them, as they'll  
doubtless think of me,  
And I'll see who's living where I lived, I'll  
knock at Stoughton 3.

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

And there's the old door open—Lord, how we  
used to bang it!

And there's the fireplace again, and the shutters  
—but I say,

It looks so different papered green!—I liked it  
better gray!

And then he tells me it was brown before his  
day.

He has a fine Da Vinci there, but that's not  
where I'd hang it!

Is he a grind?—Perhaps so. But he's pretty  
nice today,—

With his Morris chair, and a cigarette, and a  
hearty hand to stay . . .

So there's the door inside again—but the horns  
are gone above it.

3 Stoughton!—it's the same old room! Lord,  
how I used to love it!

It looks so clean and empty now with that ugly  
desk of oak

And so orderly to work in! I'll close my eyes  
a minute,

And I'll fill it full of truck again—for it had  
the whole world in it!

I lived here all four years, you know, and every-  
thing my way.

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

How thick it was with sacred dust, with  
friendliness, and smoke,  
With Meredith and Poe and other powers,  
With signs of Mrs. Row, and with the hours  
Of midnight talk, heady as wine!  
'A fountain and a shrine'  
Was Stoughton 3,  
'All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,'  
And all belonged to me!— . . .

Hang it!  
He must have thought me dull!—I hardly  
spoke.  
I had all ready for him, to have made his cour-  
tesy worth while,  
A recent New York joke,—  
But I thought, the more I sat there, that I'd  
better not begin it—  
My voice was getting queer; and I could only  
say,  
'Good-bye' and 'thanks,' and smile—  
And there's the old door shut again.—Lord,  
how we used to bang it!

There were other rooms I liked almost as well,  
But I'll go no more a-venturing inside;

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

I'll rather keep them in my mind  
As then they were,—  
Those self-same dens of fellowship and hearty  
    habitation,  
Those windows shining in the night  
With special beckonings of light,  
Those fires comforting our feet  
While we'd discuss the universe, a waitress,  
    and the nation,  
And set aside ideas of God with cosey, sad  
    negation;  
I'll rather see what still is here  
Than what must change from year to year.

O I remember now!—whom should I meet  
But the former Dean,  
This morning near the Square,  
Who used to hold the pedals for our unac-  
    customed feet,  
And start the wheel of living with his lubricating  
    air!  
It was good to see him bow again his loose and  
    kindly bow,  
And smile again his *Mona Lisa* smile.—



## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

But there seems to be another look, till now  
I hadn't seen,  
An elusive look of sadness, as he finds the world  
worth while.

I'd like to meet the others,—  
That dear old man and slow  
Who made good English young and quick, and  
taught me half I know:  
(Love for Wordsworth he imparted  
Until I, who'd scoffed at first  
At the simple-minded worst,  
Brought devotion to the best and simple-  
hearted);  
Or the Scot who knew his Scriptures A to Z  
And the secret thoughts of Bacon and the art  
of making tea,  
And who once, when I had studied through the  
night to take his test,  
Left his class-room to arouse me from a deep  
untimely rest;  
Or the twirler of his watch-chain, who, with  
furrows in his brow,  
Likened failings in a work of mine, that emu-  
lated Dante,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

To a discommoding peak upon the rear of  
the *Bacchante*!—  
Or professors whom I barely even saw when I  
was here,  
Yet whom none the less I claim in my estate,  
as I revere  
Unseen regions of my country that are none the  
less my pride;  
Or the far-collected brothers  
Whom Philosophy allied,—  
One whose mind digested all things, while his  
stomach never tried,  
Or the Spanish poet-philosopher whose eye would  
so beguile  
That you'd see no more his meaning, but the  
flaring altar-oil  
That was burning as for worshippers inside;  
And the President who knew his mind with sure  
but courtly vim,  
And who'd very gladly greet you, if you thought  
of greeting him,—  
Or that brilliant, melancholy man  
Who, in the last course he began,  
Spoke through the window from his book,  
Or into space,—  
But never at his hearers would he look,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Until one day he turned in sadness to us face to  
face,

It seemed another man, another place,

And said that he was sick, must go away, the  
course must end!—

I know not where is he,

He scarcely thought of me,—

And yet he strangely seems to be

A friend.

While I was here, when still I might have met  
And known a white-haired man whom all men  
loved,

Fool that I was, I never even tried.

But now on coming back, when he has died,  
I find his welcome waiting till my spirit should be  
moved

To look for it,—I learn at last

That signal, from the past,

Of his bluff-saluting cane,

That welcome which the fellows re-create

To share with me who look for it so late.

It is as though I too had stood beside, and closed  
behind

With all those others, as he passed

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

In silence through the Yard, to take his leave.  
They tell me that the Chapel saw that day,  
Faces of hardest clay  
Illumined with a manliness  
Of tears, because the guide had reached his  
    journeys' end.  
But a love that any one man could achieve  
Among so many mates of human kind,  
By a just knowledge that the ancient sun  
Still shines on animal and saint in one,  
By deep democracy of gentleness  
To all his boys both young and old—  
This was not death, but life an hundred-fold,  
A life that widening on from unknown friend to  
    friend  
In deeper influence than memory,  
Establishes itself immortally.

Lo, I behold another of the pedagogic faces,—  
(O, but it's good to see them and to know that  
    they are here!—)

I see the little man from Maine  
Go marching to his room again!—  
Back from the letter-box he takes his independent  
    paces,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Like a wily spinster spider  
Who prefers her brittle legs, with the web of  
wit inside her

And the vision in her eyes  
Of her cunning little parlour full of panic-  
stricken flies.

It used to be in Stoughton, but he weaves  
in Hollis now;

And the sacred number seven  
Is profanely now fifteen: but he calls upstairs  
a gain,

For there's no one now above him but inhabi-  
tants of heaven

And the angels wear goloshes when they riot in  
the rain.

And how this takes me through the years  
to Stoughton 3 again!—

He was proctor there, my proctor;

And he often felt the pain

Of the pleasure that it gave him when he'd  
cleverly complain,

That it wasn't quite as quiet as the 'waters  
stilled at even'!

He sent his own *Chartreuse* one night, if we  
would drink less loudly;

And we revered him proudly,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Though we'd only just begun:—  
But the Lord is now my Proctor,  
And it isn't half the fun.

(I can hear my Proctor bidding me a little to  
forbear,  
A moment from the mirth of moody memory to  
spare.  
So I'll slip beneath His door,  
When it's darker in His hall,  
An apology and prayer.)

See how the elms hold conference in air;  
I fancy by a breath from tree to tree  
One of them asks his fellows, noting me,—  
'Is he a stranger that is sitting there?'  
And then the nearest one to Stoughton 3  
Says,—'Not at all, look closer, don't you see  
His crazy hair?'—  
Even in fancy it is comforting  
To be remembered; therefore my gratitude I  
bring  
To you, O Harvard Elms, that stand and drink  
together  
In a reverend elation!

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

How many times we'd watch the weather  
Sparkle in your branches, that were lifting the  
libation,  
Whether your cups with snow were frozen  
deep,  
While we went slanting, muffled, in the chill,  
Or whether raindrops were their winking fill,—  
Or else in time of laughter after rain,  
When we could sit upon the steps again!

Here the burning noon would venture with a  
step of revery;  
And the evening stole amongst you with a  
dreamy meditation,  
Or we'd watch the night his vigil keep  
Or the silent blue-eyed morrow wander, walk-  
ing in her sleep,  
Under your boughs amongst the stolid halls.

And the singing nidulation  
Of the birdies in the Spring,  
With the thought how close an egg can hide  
a feather!—  
And the sun that falls  
On everything  
And breaks the frosty tether,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

When the Glee Club and the others in melodic  
conclamation

Get together,—

When there's general jubilation

And a mating inclination

And a fellow thinks of who the *One* shall  
be!—

That's when I went to Waverley,

With inward divination,

And made her late to dinner with my plea.

And now I'm thanking heaven

That it stopped just where it did,

When she wept at half past seven

And I went away and hid!

And the thought of what my boldness

Might have brought about is fearful,

When in kindness she was tearful

But rejected me in coldness,

For I've heard of her conversion to the cause  
of Christian Science,

The denial of all evil,

And she's heard of my alliance

With the forces of the devil.

It was just at half past seven

That I made my tender bid,—



## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

How we both are thanking heaven  
That it stopped just where it did!

But I came from out my hiding,  
And I got a crowd together,  
And at *Marliave's* we soon were flocking, birds  
of a fine feather.

*Madame* was there presiding,  
With her ear-rings and gray gown,  
And that oneness of her stomach, hips and  
little twinkling frown.

She would go abroad each summer, so they said,  
And would tour from town to town,  
As a lady of the fashion, in yellow or in brown,  
And then come back in winter to her slightly  
greasy gown,

Her gray presiding gown,  
Greet the comers, pour the cordials, make cor-  
rections in your French. . . .

But the last time that I went there, and was  
better served and fed,  
Though I knew it really wasn't, yet the place  
seemed running down;  
For I still would turn my head—  
But she's dead,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

*Madame* is dead!—

And there's some one else instead,

Where I saw but vibrant visions of the ear-  
rings and the gown

With the chuckle of her French

And the twinkle of her frown.

O, I tell you it's a wrench—

She has gone abroad forever

To be lady of the fashion in a far too foreign  
town,—

But, bless her heart, I'll never

Forget the old gray gown!—

How she greeted us that night

With her separate and bright

Salutation!

How she watched the semination

Of the jolly oats of folly

That were watered with the liquors of delight,—

That were grown that very night

In the jars

Of Cambridge cars!

And when we walked through Harvard Square,

It seemed the oats were scattered there;

And all along the Yard they sprang,

A cause of titubation

# AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

As they intervened like bars,—  
While the dormitories danced around and sang,  
And the elms went up like rockets to the stars.

Then, when I should have gone to bed,  
I felt a glory in my head  
And a pencil in my hand and said,  
'I'll write the greatest poem that ever was,'—  
And since I'd heard that the letter V  
Was a god of Poe's idolatry,  
I'd call my arrogation

## 'IN VINO VERITAS' :

*'From a vineyard in old France,  
Virgin as a dewy violet,  
Veiled in vernal vines of trance,  
Forth she fared with feet inviolate  
Down an undiscovered rivulet  
Of vireos and jonquils,  
Forth she bared to violent glance  
Violet veins in silver ankles,  
Vestal feet that made advance,  
Ventured vivid in a dance  
To a viol's reverberance,—  
That were fervid as a salliance  
In a lonely vale of France,*

# AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

*Dale of dalliance  
And chance,  
That were vibrant as love's valiance  
By an undiscovered rivulet  
Of vireos and jonquils:  
O that radiance of dance!  
O that daze of complaisance!  
O that vision of obeisance,  
In that valley of old France!*

When I awakened in my bed,  
I felt a windmill in my head,  
Going round;  
Hopeful I seized the verse of violet dew  
From fevered realms,  
To help me through—  
But O, alas, could any poem be thinner!  
Hopeless, I sank, like some one underground  
Who wakes to suffocation from the dead.  
But all the day, you shed,  
O Harvard Elms,  
A soft benignant lecture on my head;—  
And so at last I carefully ate dinner.

The clock stands solid in the noon-day sky  
Just as it used to on Memorial Tower;

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

And I remember Table 32 crowded with talk,  
    though the pitch got not so high  
At noon, as at dinner's dinning hour;  
And quickly comes another memory,  
And rigid floats,  
Of a certain portrait's dead Bostonian smile,  
Above the aisle of many coats.

Walking around the Building once, to see  
If the roofs on the other side  
Still steam with cookery,  
I pass John Harvard sitting in the sun,  
Cloisters behind him, and the streets ahead!

O let them paint you red,  
Yet long shall you abide—  
Not only in the symbol but in very truth—  
A white unchanging sentinel before the days  
    to be!

I greet you, Johnnie Harvard!— And the voices  
    of the dead  
Wake to acclaim you, grave and gracious youth!

Let slight Memorial  
Who will, and criticise its style;  
Still shall it rise

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

A venerating pile;  
And still in dedication shall it hold that sense  
    inside  
Of the presence of the glory of Harvard men  
    who died,  
Of their going-forth for fear their country fall.  
    Above its tablet-bordered wall  
Still are they waiting, tall  
Unseen and ardent, in the dimmer lights;  
Still shall they gather here immortal  
In the nights;  
Talking of Douglas, politics, alarms;  
Of Lincoln, the election; of the call  
To arms!—  
Of the bullet's dance;  
Of Sherman, Grant and Sheridan;  
Of the glimmer of a classmate's face in the  
    opposing van,  
Lost in the blinding sharp command  
To charge!—of the swarms  
Of other faces, dropping one by one,  
Of the fighting never done;  
Of the way a gun lies in the hand  
To kill a man;  
Of the field of hell that, rising, cries  
Against the skies;

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

And then with bated breath,  
Of a great land reunited, and a new-begun  
advance,  
A common stand;—  
And so of Harvard College, and the Hall  
That is their own Memorial.

Young Death is ever in the band,—  
And it almost seems that these who know Him  
love Him,  
That He goes from side to side,  
Still full of life's illusions and the soft surmise,  
His touch on every shoulder,  
And sees with far-off wonder in His eyes  
The flying of the tattered flags above Him,—  
That His pride is nearest,  
And the closeness of His breath is dearest  
To them all.—

O the deep, enduring eyes  
Of Death!  
The dark and wistful eyes that grow no older,  
Of the only Youth of all that never dies!

Closer than ivy, cling my memories  
To all these Buildings, and to all they mean.

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Even the Chapel has her mute appeal,—  
And Sever yonder, where the classes met,  
And where I took examinations, that I can't  
forget,  
To prove my fitness. . . . O the frantic book  
Filled with wide pencillings and wily art,  
Ambiguous responses on the part  
Of wisdom to seem knowledge! . . . and the  
lazy blue and green  
Peeping at window-panes!  
And the swift, miraculous gains  
Of the minute-hand—  
Those last few ticks that I could hardly stand!

But I got through!—  
Through entrance—and in half a flash through  
exit too!

Here's the entry and the stair  
Where a western Poet climbed,  
With Apollo-nesian hair,  
To the Heaven  
(Up in Thayer)  
Where his note-books thickly rhymed.—



## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Sometimes they'd laugh at those of us who  
dared set store

By our own venturings, would bid us see instead  
That the lump by now sufficiently was rising  
with the leaven!

In Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, it had all been  
said before.—

Perhaps they laughed at Dante in his youth,  
Told him that truth

Had unappealably been said

In the great masterpieces of the dead:—

Perhaps he listened and but bowed his head

In acquiescent honour, while his heart

Held natal tidings,—that a new life is the part

Of every man that's born,

A new life never lived before,

And a new expectant art;

It is the variations of the morn

That are forever, more and more,

The single dawning of the single truth.

So answers Dante to the heart of youth!

O hail to all those happy rows of cloth and  
leather comeliness,

The sober books to heal and bless,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

To fill a golden loneliness  
With echoes of the starry tune,—  
The madder books to tease and to excite,  
To fill the crannies of the night  
With ravens, and with eyes of love, and with light  
O' the moon!

Coming once more upon the Yard, another  
gratitude I feel.

They now have running-water in the rooms  
And radiators, and the grates are used for  
wood;

It's nothing now to be both warm and clean.  
But it was good

To wash as Harvard men

Had had to do in earlier years,—to kneel

And poke the coals until they grew

Red as the blood

That keeps a body warm, or as a sunset seen

On frozen days; to sit in the dark and watch  
the rays again

Temper the outer nipping glooms!

I'm glad that now they've heat and running-  
water in the rooms.

I'm glad they hadn't then.

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

And there was something else we had at  
first,  
Until a skulking brood,  
Foul-handed as a breaker into tombs,  
Scuttled with dynamite  
The poor old Pump. Night after night,  
As it filled cool pitchers for the simpler thirst,  
We'd hear the handle's friendly guttural sound;—  
But the ground  
Is now sealed over where it stood.

Hear how I clang the letter-box,  
Where Billy the Postman came!—  
A little hard of hearing he;  
But he'd make it up when he'd cheerily see  
'Were there any letters for Stoughton 3?'—  
And when a hand with a flourishing *B*  
Would click through the slot and fall on the  
floor,  
I'd bless him for bringing love's message to  
me!

O I took her to games, gave her many a  
tea—  
But I don't even know when the wedding's  
to be;  
She writes me no more.

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Here at this corner, Dan the Watchman  
caught my arm

One night and led me home from harm.

He had a pale face, sharp as a vice,  
Looked like a white owl out for mice:  
But he grew at last uncannily pale,  
And once I remember hearing him say,  
Refreshed with a nip of ginger ale,—  
'No, sir, it doesn't really pay,  
You can't get the proper sleep by day;  
I don't much care for it anyway.'

But to have that white face fail—  
It seemed like something lost from the night,  
A watchful moon of human light.

And John the Orangeman is gone upon a ra-  
diant route,  
And drives a donkey with white wings,  
And carries unforbidden fruit  
And little harps and things,  
For angels who are thronging mute  
To hear him how he sings!

He had one ineradicable sin,  
His grin—  
But Peter had to let him take it in!

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

I do believe there's Mrs. Row!  
She was a Goody good to know!  
Her puckered face is just the same,  
And, hands in air, she cries my name  
As instantly as when I came  
Back from the long vacation.  
This is the sort of thing she says:  
'Are you getting bald?' (when I raise my  
hat)  
'But what can you do with brains like that?  
It's too much application!'

On a corner-rack in college days  
I'd had a pate that was wholly bald,  
With which I'd scared her till she'd called  
On the Saints for preservation!  
And now I couldn't help thinking of that  
And whether the skull was worn so flat  
By too much application.  
I put the point to Mrs. Row,  
She scratched her head, and said, 'Well, no,—  
I guess it's recreation!'—

I remember she borrowed one at a time  
My Scott, George Eliot, Hood and Poe;  
She liked both prose and rhyme.  
And she read them through

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

And quoted them too,  
But it always made her a trifle blue  
That she couldn't be sure  
Of my taste being true,  
For I hadn't of all of the bards she knew—  
Tom Moore,  
The best of them all!

O much goes by in a year  
For her now!—she must be sixty-two or so;  
But God will give her her due, I know!

As she stood with a smile and a tear,  
'Thanks for the welcome,' I said, 'and the  
cheer!—

It made me feel that I still was here.  
I'd like to stay; but I've got to go.'  
'So have we all!' said Mrs. Row,  
'But I'll wait in the door for you.'

Back through the Yard by Wadsworth, where  
the preachers still are kept,  
(Where Washington and Emerson and other  
great have slept!—)  
Back to the Avenue  
I go, finding it through

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

An iron Fence with posts and gates of brick,  
Too formal for that trick  
Of loitering, as we used to do, by simple wooden  
bars,  
And talking to the tune of cars.—

Old Yard, good-bye again!—With your friendly  
trees of knowledge,  
You were fully half, yes more than that, the  
better half of college!

O think of the luckless wights  
Whom all this didn't please,  
Who'd rather have electric lights  
Than memories like these—  
Than luxuries like these!

Often we'd walk in town,  
Thereby less idly to be missing classes;  
And often in or out we'd wait on Harvard  
Bridge to see  
A gull that caught the sunlight overhead;  
Or a crew that sped  
Symmetrical; or a single shell slide under,  
narrow  
As an arrow,—

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

And watch the rower, his white flesh turning  
brown,  
Bending his back, his arm, his knee,  
Spending his brawn, his muscle and his marrow  
Close with his heart to ply  
The quiet swiftness of his revelry,  
Sending his oar as with a wing to fly;  
Later we'd watch the western sky,  
With poppies hung from head to feet,  
Go feasting to his many-tapered bed,  
Where restless he would lie  
On the scattered golden sheet,  
And then at last, deep  
In a great ecstasy,  
Would fall asleep,  
Closing in tranquil clouds of night, like a petal  
in the grasses;  
Or, later still, we'd see  
That bayonet-row of lights,  
March by the River Charles, patrol by many  
a home  
The huddling heights  
Of Boston town,  
And lead where, like the crystal vision of a  
camp, looked down  
The ancestral Dome.



## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Or else we'd take those other walks  
Along the outer circle by the river,  
Past Soldiers' Field, inhaling for our health  
the marshy gases. . . .

Remember with me, Comrade, how those close,  
congenial talks  
Would patter from the moment to forever!

Over that crude see-sawing bridge of yesterday,  
After the morning's rain,  
I took alone, from half-past four to six last  
night again,

The old-time way,  
The ridge of path that sloped from miry stubble,  
Between the looping river, full of steely,  
blurred reflections,

And an inchoate landscape-plan  
Made of roads and tracks and spaces.

Sharp in shadow stood the trees against a sky  
Where, colossally ascending,  
Came a sign of cloudy trouble  
From the furnace of creation and, with indus-  
tries of man

From their chimneys tall as churches, transcen-  
dentially was blending

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Everything of great and little in a multitudinous  
gray  
Overhead.

There to the left was life, where the young  
men ply their graces,  
Running, jumping, throwing hammers,—where  
the body is at play  
And its destiny is amorous and young  
As the life-blood in their faces.

Across the river lie  
The resting-places  
Of the dead;  
And there, as though the night were their es-  
pecial hour,  
None others using it so well as they,  
I heard the bell, that rings at dusk beside the  
balconied tower,  
Send gently with its iron tongue  
All those that wake away.

Across the river then I cried aloud  
In a great wonderment,  
As men have cried in anguish without cease,—  
'O where are you today,  
You vanished faces?'

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

And while the twilight wind's caprice  
But echoed what I said,  
But questioned from the future, asking me,—  
More than before, the shroud that hung  
From tree to tree  
Half with an air of shelter and of peace,  
Was infinitely still.

Yet I believe that heaven is on that hill;  
That each who blindly loved the single soul  
Shall thence illustriously love the whole;  
And with the leaves that fall and fly  
And with the river lifting by  
Into the overwhelming sky,  
That these are lifted, these who die,  
To the remotest corners of their destiny,—  
Infinitesimal in light to lie  
Farthest and nearest in infinity;  
That into breath of the mysterious Will  
The worlds are welding in that little hill,—  
Where all shall be the mother and the son,  
The daughter and the father and the One.

Below the walk, was caught in muddy pools  
a last and sudden radiance from the sky;  
Beyond me went the outspread land dissolving  
in the distant view,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Save for the lights that half-unseen  
Were twinkling through pale purple mist, like  
webs of dew;  
Behind me was old Cambridge, low and  
steeped;  
And there and eastward was the region peopled,  
Green, yellow, white, and violet, on the gray.  
Across the river were the lights but few,  
As though Mount Auburn with its candles  
lay,  
Before eternity.

Around a bank of night that came between  
I heard a muffled voice,—then nearer, terse  
commands;  
And I watched emerge an eight-oar crew,  
From the darkness that was falling,  
Like visionary oarsmen (but for the coxswain  
calling,)  
And enter it again with ghostly hands.

Turning, I saw the Stadium dimly stand, as  
though it half withdrew  
Into its other centuries, as though it held its  
galleried wall to intercept,  
Its arching silences to screen,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

The pageant of a great review  
Of memories with which it stirred.

Perhaps a thousand years from now  
Somebody, near a Stadium,  
Shall see the padded phantoms come  
And feel himself in dreamy thrall  
Of ancient phrensies of foot-ball.

Had I drawn nearer, I had heard  
A breath of wonder through a Grecian throng  
At feet that flew,  
At bodies that were exquisite and strong,  
A cry of rapture at the crown of green,  
The earth's own halo on her holy few—  
Who stood with limbs as shining as the sea  
And hearts that were the wings of victory;  
Or I had heard the scrape of weapons glad-  
iators drew,  
The cry of one that fell,  
The step of one that slew,  
Or seen the faithful, terrible farewell  
Of some believer in the Nazarene.

The wind was down and hardly blew;—  
The evening whispered on my cheek,  
The river trickled on its pebbly edge;

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

And in the sedge  
I heard the peep of a deluded bird.  
By fences then I clambered back,  
And went by an inner, shorter track;  
Where, under a lamp that cut the black,  
Came a runner, out of darkness like the fellows  
at the oars,  
With a dusky flash of sweater and white legs,—  
a fading streak  
Of body in the odour of out-doors.—

When homeward by the bridge I took my  
way,  
I watched along the watery strip of park,  
Each separate light stand spearing in the  
dark,—  
As lights of thought strike into yesterday.

And now I turn and pass once more  
That road to Soldiers' Field,  
Where on great days would pour,  
As thick as lava to the Gates,  
A mighty yield  
Of college-mates,  
Of friends, of relatives, of bright-eyed Fates,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

The Cambridge boy,  
And *hoi polloi*,  
And the juvenescent graduates.

It was then a wooden horse-shoe, where now  
the Stadium stands  
With its air of classic lands;  
But when occasion congregates  
The many into one,  
It's the same great sea of a thousand coloured  
shadows in the sun.  
And the heroes! O the heroes!  
How we'd greet them as they trotted in,  
Hail them with voices, banners, hands,  
Drowning the brazen blare of the bands!—  
And then the silence, to begin  
And change the score from zeroes!—  
And O the coach, and referee,  
And ready row of candidates!  
And O the game that hesitates,—  
Agglomerates,—  
Disintegrates!  
And the cryptic, quick commands!  
And the man on the line who regulates?  
And the man in the air who tabulates!  
And the craning, crowded stands!—

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

The multitude that gravitates,  
And, inarticulate, intonates  
When he makes a gain and lands!—  
And the girl at your side who palpitates  
But never understands!—

To have it go against you, is but harder to  
employ

The spur of glee,

The cheering and the singing in the wild antiph-  
ony,

The heavier to send your voice into that roaring  
burst

That thrills you even more today than when  
you heard it first.

The megaphone annunciates,

And the players, one by one,

Are named, and then the answer booms like a  
saluting gun!

Or else if the score resuscitates,

Bobs like a saving buoy,

The crimson surges tidal, and the people rock  
with joy!

And then, with a minute more to play,

To give the crowning touch to the day,

He places the ball and calculates,—

It lifts and never deviates,



## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

And the fellows, like inebriates,  
Dance and hug and run,  
And the girl beside you demonstrates  
That at last she understands,—  
While all the sky tumultuates,  
And heaven and earth shake hands!

One memorable year,  
When we won a game from Yale  
With a score that you could hear  
Around the world,  
Saw a scene on Boylston Street—  
It was like a stretching sail  
That no hundred years' defeat  
Could have furled,—  
Like a torrent that was winding back to break  
on Harvard Square,  
That was curling, swirling, whirling, with great  
reaches in the air!  
Why, the crowd had been in coming  
But a stream that softly purred,  
By this rushing, hurling, humming,  
High incontinent return!  
Not so steep will be the churn  
Even closest to the stern  
Of the comet bearing Chaos for a tail!

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Round the Yard with pace triumphal then we  
filed,  
And beyond, to Jarvis Field, where soon was  
piled  
Thick fuel for a fire;  
And the red tongues, crowding higher,  
Seemed a sort of crimson crier  
To the people in the stars  
That we'd broken down the bars  
And were out upon the highways, going wild!  
So we marched with tingling feet,  
Rousing Cambridge to the beat  
Of the figures of the score as to a drumming.  
And the President and Dean went through  
their paces,  
Made us speeches from their porches  
With our torches  
In their faces.  
The President spoke nicely, but before he was  
half through  
Was devoting his attention altogether to the  
crew.  
Yet our cheers were no less true to him,  
For a lot of things were due to him  
And it didn't seem enough to do to dedicate the  
crew to him!—

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Wherever a window opened wide  
And heads looked out, as soon as spied  
They were told the news with another cheer,  
For it was news they ought to hear!

At one, a woman and a child  
Leaned in the light of a crimson-shaded lamp  
that stood behind,  
And brought to my excited mind  
A favouring Madonna who had held her Babe  
and smiled  
On Crusaders from some banner that was crim-  
son in the wind!

But soon she broke the picture, and a moment  
went inside,  
And, returning, held her baby towards us with  
a crown of red—  
She'd put the paper lamp-shade on his happy  
little head!

All that was long ago.—  
It was this morning that I came  
Down Brattle Street, and felt it newly strange,  
How people change and change  
Towards that darkest change of all,  
That hides them from our sight,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

And how Nature, while she changes, yet returns  
the same.

That fine old man of Cambridge—I never knew  
his name—

With an English squire's air of beef and ale,  
With bearded cheek as hardy brown  
As an orchard in the fall,  
And with gaitered stride that marched the town,  
And miles of country too,—

I saw him come this morning into view  
As though he were a stranger to me quite;  
He's not so tall;—

How white

His hair is! and his step how frail!

His face how pale!

Was it some sickness?—or the silent stroke by  
which the hold is lost?—

See how about us in the chill of twilight,

Stricken by the silent frost,

The leaves come down!

Before long *I'll* be old and gray,—  
Returning to Commencement-day  
With stories of the happy way  
We used to get together,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Until that final June of mine. . . .

I think I heard the ladies say

The day was very fine,—

But I wasn't caring then about the weather!

I was thinking of a fellow who had had the sense  
to go

Out of Cambridge to a place—it doesn't matter,  
I don't know—

But to skip the celebration

And the jaunty fuss and feather,

And to contemplate in quiet

That feted fatal day,

That melancholy day!

It would never be the same again when once  
he'd gone away.

But I stayed with all the riot,

In funereal cap and gown,

At the spreads where cake was broken

And congratulations spoken;

And I danced Memorial dances;

And I guided merry glances

Through the Yard that streamed with lanterns  
and with laughing laureation;

The Yard that, though a wilderness of music  
and delight,

Was mighty little nicer than it always is at night.—

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Then when the chatterers had gone,  
Leaving us few at last alone,  
We drank the good old College down  
To the farthest end of time in all her glory!  
And if we drank her deeper down—  
It's still the single story:  
The beginning of tomorrow means the ending  
of today  
Was what we all knew well enough—and didn't  
want to say!

The morrow,  
When I peered above the shutter,  
Lay in flimsy desolation  
Like a last unhappy flutter  
Of that festival of sorrow:  
Pallid lanterns, trodden grass,  
And spent confetti,  
Made the heyday of the class  
Look pretty petty.

Round we met in twos and threes,  
With our mournful pleasantries;  
O, it seemed annihilation to give up the rooms  
for good,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Not knowing who would have them next,—  
The packing, and the finding, and the vivid  
sad recalling,

The burning of an excellent but evil-gotten text,  
The forsaking of the old tin box that held the  
midnight food,—

And the sum of all of these:

The discovery, in midst of overhauling,  
That in college, as in other things, who enters  
must make way,—

To every man his college-time, to every dog  
his day!

And the ardours of ambition shone and  
struggled quite in vain

On that day of dark perdition, in that dismal  
inner rain.

If I haven't mentioned learning,

Here's to it in a line!

I'm afraid before returning

I'd forgotten most of mine.

But if from all those studious days

I hadn't kept a thing,

What I got in other ways—

Nothing else could bring.

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

And so I leave you, Harvard College, with a  
grateful sigh  
For what I shall have had before I die;  
For the Yard and trees and friends and rhymes  
And laughs and Mrs. Row,  
And for all the good old times  
That had to go.

O, I'll never, drunk or sober,  
No, I'll never, late or soon,  
Find again that first October,  
Lose again that final June!—

If only it could all be new-begun,  
Never to end!  
It's a different kind of fun  
When you watch it in a cousin or a friend!

So I see what I must do!—  
I must get a son to send!  
Then in my blood again I'll truly know,  
As first I knew two hundred years ago,  
At last, old Harvard College,—it is you!

Yet is that altogether true?  
Must we, then, wait so long?—  
As wandering from the Yard I take my thought,



## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Casting about me as I ought,  
I find that I was wrong!

This is not all that Harvard College brought,  
This throng  
Of memories that now come back  
To emphasize a present lack,  
To mourn themselves experienced and done,  
Unless renewed in a prospective son.  
For, tell me, shall *Fair Harvard* ever cease,  
The hymn, the praise, the song,  
To bring a sense of majesty, a thrill of peace?  
Or at a game with Yale  
Shall the ardour ever fail  
Of the passion for the Crimson, for the Crimson  
to prevail?  
Or when an undergraduate is kind,  
And tries to bring his mind  
To the names of certain Freshmen whom I knew,  
Shall I fail to feel his courtesy, and know it to  
be true,  
And fear it to be twice as kind as what I used  
to do  
For older men?  
Or shall I miss that promise of the prize  
When I see her sons come forth again  
The future in their eyes?

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Harvard is indivisible and strong:  
She has her cities and her states,  
Her countries,  
Her philosophies;  
The smallest vision for me that relates  
To life, gives Harvard—well, at any rate, a  
corner.—

I, who came back to Cambridge as a mourner,  
Take with me now a many-raying sun  
To show me what I've won,  
Shining as bright on Harvard in New York or  
Zuyder Zee  
As on the roof of Stoughton Hall, or on the Tree  
Of trophies, that in those other years  
Was shaken with the scramble and the cheers.—

Can I forget that look from eye to eye,  
That wave of hand,  
When I was travelling alone in Switzerland,  
And, edging down the Rigi in a car, saw climb-  
ing by  
Upon the other track  
A man I'd known but slightly  
In the class!—  
Saw him brightly,  
Felt him pass

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Into the dark of travel that encloses;  
Yet knew that Harvard was in both our hearts;—  
We peeped at stars and Harvard was the glass!  
In him I might have found,  
I knew it in that glance,  
What I had nearer known in other men,  
And in his countenance  
Under a foreign sky,  
Brown with the same old sun,—  
I saw what I had seen on Cambridge streets.

You may credit me with judgment fairly sound,  
When my second thought supposes  
That it matters little whom a fellow meets,  
In the time, the college-time, when the heart  
of living beats,  
Not its completest,  
Never all its sweetest,  
But its first sure pulses of the man to be.  
Then every man is good to know,  
For God his Maker made him so!—  
More than the child, the boy, the youth,  
Happily less than the loser of truth,  
It's the man who talks and laughs and smokes,  
Who sets his cap at life and eats,  
Who scoffs and hopes, and prays and jokes,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

And masters his defeats;  
While the Unmaker still is overthrown,  
And the unbroken heart of living, still prophetic  
beats

A monotone  
Triumphant over death.

In every man who draws that breath,  
There is a heavenly vision of his destiny,—  
The everlasting lamp has not yet flickered out,  
But burns the brighter in the winds of doubt.  
And so in every man may friendship find  
The something that is finer than the mind,  
The feeling, for the sake of his eternal soul,  
That God and men shall help to make him  
whole.

O blessed are the early ways to share  
The mystery of being not alone!

One man there was whose presence I had  
always thought to keep,  
Who yet had seemed awhile ago  
Estranged and different, as though nearness  
being passed  
The friendship couldn't last;  
And so our light talk empty was cast

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Upon the shallows; until suddenly  
Questions arose of moment and of near concern;  
And then a richer cargo of his gifts came forth  
to me  
In glad return  
Than ever had forsaken me.  
And deep,—  
O deeper than till then we'd dreamed to know,  
We felt the reach of friendship's mystery,  
The ultimate newness of the past!

It's not the strong men who had gone before us,  
Not Lowell, Emerson, or who you will,  
Who visit us so closely and restore us  
To the early fine intentions;—  
It's the men we knew in crudeness and in im-  
mature dimensions,—  
Whom we lose and then we find again  
And feel the old ties bind again  
With intimate reminder;  
Whom, seeing less and knowing longer,  
We discover still,—  
The weaker growing stronger,  
The stronger growing kinder!  
And it's not those fellows only who had the  
luck to go

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

To Harvard for their schooling whom Harvard  
helps us know;—  
It's men of other colleges, it's men of none at  
all,  
It's men who never even heard the name of  
Stoughton Hall,  
Where first I felt that wisdom which today I  
try to use,  
Which I often lose  
But look for with a will;  
For though I still forget, yet I remember still  
That when a man inclines to set below him  
Some neighbour, or conceive dislike, he need  
but seek  
In silence for the right, at last, to speak:  
'What can I do but like him,—for I know him!'

Gay at times, but no less sober,  
O that manful young October!  
O that muslin mischief June,  
With her sad momentous moon!—  
They were dear deceiving lovers  
So this latter day discovers.

Yet in spite of all his boon,  
Should he jog, sedate and sober,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Toward a humdrum honeymoon?—  
There he goes, the young October!  
There she waits, the gentle June!

To the devil with the doubt!  
Let Harvard be the Sign!—  
When I stop to think it out,  
What I am and must be with you, what I might  
    have been without,—  
Why, the memories I took for you  
Give way to resurrection in all the world about!  
And I only need to look for you,  
And use my right divine,—  
To find you, Harvard College, and to have you  
    always mine!

For Christ and for His Church they founded  
    you;  
And through the years has simple Truth suf-  
    ficed,—  
No separating doctrine has confounded you  
Before an unintelligible Christ;  
For Christ and for His Church you open still  
The lofty aisles of worship and good-will.—

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

O Harvard College, in the spirit's fight  
America has need of you!—O let your might  
Become her captain and her strong delight!

O mean to all those others whom you'll see  
The thousand things in one you mean to me!

O lift forever on the shield of truth,  
Before the armies of mortality,  
The sounding challenge of the spear of youth!



## POEMS



## TO GEORGE MEREDITH

O Master, from the all you learned,  
Above the cloudy mountain-brinks,  
And at the edge where sunsets burned,  
And amongst men—deep have you turned  
The smiling eyelids of the Sphinx!

Invisible upon her paw sits death,—  
Confronted by her visage finely fraught  
With all the dear solemnity of breath,  
And smiling eyelids of mysterious thought.

If men shall mock at mimicry in stone,  
Which is not beast nor woman, whole nor half,  
Let them but look what structure is their own  
Of unimagined flesh and vanished bone—  
And listen at her lips and hear her laugh!

O Meredith, this creature you have left,  
With ample flanks, and poetry on her brow,  
This wonder you have builded strong and deft,  
Shall sit for centuries as calm as now!

She shall behold the mortal multitude  
Passing in joy, in vanity, in grief,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

The vast mirage amazingly renewed,  
The fury of the everlasting feud,  
The green returning of the desert leaf.

With death among the sands upon her paw  
And desert round her she shall sit content,  
And shall behold, shall contemplate in awe,  
Man and his covering of firmament.

Silently, safely, in good time,  
Great master of the minds of men,  
You builded to a wider clime  
Than Egypt, and have left, sublime,  
A Sphinx to tease the world again.

## HILL-SONGS

### I

On we climb, keeping time  
To hidden goat-bells' nibbling chime,  
Feet in the dew of ferns we climb,  
Souls in a sort of winding rhyme,  
Up the path that turns and turns  
Toward the top where morning burns.

### II

Though a flower of the dust  
Droop and die,  
Who'll be moody with mistrust?  
You? . . . I?

### III

Tears, tears,  
Are by with the years,  
Are dry on the cheeks of the dead. . . .  
It's better to laugh  
At the whole or the half  
Of the luck (or lack) that's ahead;  
Or to sleep it away—  
And not have to pay  
For the bed!

# AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

## IV

Now in the wood,  
Birds of the wood  
Sing and are merry,  
Tears are no good,  
Fears are no good,—  
Thought is the stone of the cherry.

## V

The days number seven,  
Then seven,—  
I tell you, that's heaven a plenty!  
Or should you want more,  
Divide them by four  
And twenty,—  
Times sixty,—times seven,  
For infinite heaven!

## VI

Here's a tree  
Making shade  
Just for me  
And a maid.

VII

Who could begin  
Thinking of sin?  
Sin only comes with repentance!  
If ever we sin,  
Let's never begin,  
Signing our sentence!

VIII

Look at me!—Tell me now,  
What do you think? . . .  
Could anyone anywhere  
Happier drink  
Of the springs of the world  
In the cups of the air?—  
Anyway, anyway  
What do we care?

IX

Was that a kiss?  
Were those your eyes?  
Or was it bliss  
In paradise?  
I felt on your lips the perfect rhyme!  
I saw in your eyes the ends of time!

# AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

## X

Yonder,  
    To trespass,  
Lie orchards and farms,—  
But I'm fonder  
    Of trespassing  
Here in your arms.

## XI

The bell  
Of noon. . . .  
And soon  
There's less of light. . . .  
And then the bell  
Of night. . . .  
Or was it noon? . . .

## XII

It must be midnight,  
    Sweeter noon  
    Of lesser light,—  
For there's a moon!

## XIII

Answer me, ancestress,  
    What do you see,



With eyes that from Eden  
Are looking at me?—  
That there's not any knowledge, nor ser-  
pent, nor sword?—  
But only the Lord?  
*Only the Lord!*

XIV

See! there's a dew,  
And night is black;  
And stars are few,  
Tracing a track  
To lead us back!

XV

Down we climb, keeping time  
To watery pebbles' hidden chime,  
Feet in the dews of sleeping ferns,  
Souls in a love that, waking, burns  
Doubt and every fear away,  
Trembling with a dawn that yearns  
Into day.

XVI

Good-night,  
And sleep you well!—

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

While on the pasture-height  
A bell,  
Another, and another, tell  
The end of night,  
Hang a shawl to hide the beam  
Of the sun!  
And, though apart, afar,  
We'll dream as one,—  
You of a high hill shall dream,  
I of a star!

### XVII

It's morning—hear the village bell?  
Good-night! good-night! and sleep you  
well! . . .  
I of a star. . . .

## THE POOL

O it is pleasant, on the naked brink,  
Idly awhile of happy things to think!

A man like me set out that curve of trees,  
A man like me cut out these tiles of stone,  
And out of other stones and trees were grown  
Under his hand those towers in the breeze.

And only over yonder sunny wall  
There is a heart would answer should I call.

And when I've done with thinking and would  
fain

Be safe and free, I need but bend, but dive,  
And with a rush my body is alive,  
And there is no one but myself again.

My image upside-down is at my feet,  
So is life doubly mine and doubly sweet.

## 'SO KIND YOU ARE'

You have a cheek as white and red  
As apple-blossoms overhead,  
Just where the sunshine strikes me blind,  
So kind you are and so unkind.

You have an eye more warmly brown  
Than autumn days away from town,  
But will not let me speak my mind,  
So kind you are and so unkind.

You have a voice with all the moods  
Of twilights and of solitudes,  
But light to leave me as the wind,  
So kind you are and so unkind.

You have, however far I be,  
A trick of coming near to me,—  
Though out of sight, not out of mind,  
So kind you are and so unkind.

The way would seem not half so soon  
To reach your heart as reach the moon,  
Yet it's a way I'll surely find—  
So kind you are and so unkind.

## HEY-DAY

Come and go a-berrying,  
Would you wiser be!  
Come and learn that everything  
Younger is than we—

We who almost dared to think  
In our wearying  
There were no more springs to drink,  
No more pails to swing!

We were dusty with our books.  
Come and let us go  
Out among the lyric brooks,  
Where the verses grow,

Where the world is one delight  
Made of many a song  
Lasting till the nod of night,  
Lovely all day long,

Till the smallest glimmering nook  
Holds the moon in glory;  
And the heavens are the book  
And the stars the story!

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

There the peaceful earth is sweet,  
    Either way it lies—  
Under unacquainted feet  
    Or on tired eyes.

## THE ROBIN

Except within poetic pale  
I have not found a nightingale,  
Nor hearkened in a dusky vale  
To song and silence blending;  
No stock-dove have I ever heard,  
Nor listened to a cuckoo-bird,  
Nor seen a lark ascending.  
But I have felt a pulse-beat start  
Because a robin, spending  
The utmost of his simple art  
Some of his pleasure to impart  
While twilight came descending,  
Has found an answer in my heart,  
A sudden comprehending.

## GRENSTONE RIVER

Things you heard that blessed be  
You shall tell to men like me:

What you heard my lover say  
In the golden yesterday,  
Leaving me a childish heart,  
Glad to revel, quick to start.

And though she awhile is gone  
And I come to-day alone,  
'Tis the self-same whisper slips  
Through your ripple from her lips.

Long shall she and I be dead,  
While you whisper what she said;  
You, when I no word can give her,  
Shall forever whisper, river:

Things you heard that blessed be,  
Telling them to men like me.



## CLOVER

‘Come and sing a song, lover!’

‘Very well; I’ll sing of clover;  
Sweet, sweet, honey-sweet,  
Hardy in the open heat,  
Strayed from meadow-full to street,  
Sweet, sweet, honey-sweet!  
Bees bumble as they meet,  
Cattle curl a tongue and eat,  
Children play with trampling feet,  
Lovers come and hearts beat,  
Sweet, sweet, honey-sweet.  
There’s the song I sing of clover.’

‘Nothing of yourself, lover?’

## MERCURY

Celia, you spoke and said,—

*'See where it sinks! see how it's turning red!'*  
And when you ended, a far whip-poor-will,  
With first one faint and unaccustomed note,  
(A sober-souled comedian at prayer),  
And all the pines, from hill to hill  
In reverential pilgrimage, breathed to the air,  
O, not in words!—in worlds instead!—  
*'See where it sinks! see how it's turning red!'*

Celia, you spoke and said,—

*'Not Mercury, nor any star  
Could be so red;  
It must have been instead  
A window on the hill!'*—  
So slow of faith you are,  
And doubting still,  
Yet heard the pines,  
When Mercury was red,  
The whip-poor-will,  
And all the peaceful voices of the dead,  
And me beside you in the evening air—  
Saying the single prayer!

## THE HYPOCRITE

When Celia said that for her sake  
I must not take of wine,  
My habit or her heart must break,  
I straightway drew the line—  
Yet not so much for Celia's sake  
As secretly for mine.

By grace of her I'm full of wit,—  
(Or think I am—what matters it?)

I gave it up because I won  
A wine thereby so rare  
That out of all the vineyards none  
Has yielded to compare!—  
I left it off because I won  
The sparkling of her hair!

By grace of her I feel my worth  
Immortal on a mortal earth.

And Celia meantime loves to laud  
My exodus from vice,  
And does not guess me by the fraud

# AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Intoxicated thrice,  
Watches in fact a little awed  
The seeming sacrifice.

I wonder would she take amiss  
Confession of my wickedness?

## 'THE LOVES OF EVERY DAY'

He thinks not deep who hears the strain  
Of gentle-hearted Nicolette  
And fears that nevermore again  
To such a tune will love be set  
Of daisies and the foot that let  
Them pale like shadows on the way  
To where the olden lovers met;—  
These are the loves of every day.

The heart that makes of binding chain  
A linkèd song for Nicolette,  
The heart that ventures perilous pain,  
That needs no counsel, heeds no threat,  
And hearts that hear and answer yet  
The blessing of the holy ray  
Of evening from her minaret,—  
These are the loves of every day.

Not only shall the story gain  
For Aucassin and Nicolette  
Woods green with an immortal rain;  
But long as human eyes go wet

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

For lovers, or till time forget  
That we can love as well as they  
In triumph over mortal fret,—  
These are the loves of every day.

### ENVOY

Poet, yours is a vain regret  
That Aucassin has gone his way!  
We have him still with Nicolette;—  
These are the loves of every day.

## THE PRETTY LADIES

Look through those windows, Dick,  
Where there's all the lights, and see  
The pretty ladies dancing!

That's just like heaven to me!—  
O Dick, I do love music so,  
It's just like heaven to me!

. . . But this is better, Dick,  
I like this better, see!  
For one of those pretty ladies  
Might take you away from me. . . .  
O, if one of those pretty ladies, Dick,  
Should take you away from me!

## THE CHAPLET

When I came home at evening  
With flowers in my hand,  
And on my head a chaplet  
From an enchanted land,  
Not one of those that passed me  
Appeared to understand.

They thought that like the others  
I wore a hat, and went  
As prosy on the sidewalk  
As one collecting rent—  
They knew not who had kissed me  
Nor all the matter meant.



## THE BEGGAR

Dear and dead brother whom I mourn,  
A beggar on the street  
Whispered to me with face forlorn  
And wanted food to eat.

I could not find him after that,  
For many a likely crook  
Had just that coat and just that hat  
But none of them that look.

If he was living whom I used  
So ill, I cannot tell,—  
Or if the face that I refused  
Was yours I loved so well!

## THE MARIONETTES

A boy with a face like some Greek coin  
Leans in the second row,  
To help each mimic hero join  
Against the Moslem foe.

The gas reflecting in his eyes,  
That swerve not left nor right,  
Burns, every time a pagan dies,  
With freshness of delight.

These are but dolls of brass and wood  
Whose destinies begun  
He watches till the end is good  
And victory is won.

Is there an eye of endless light  
For what we do and dare?  
Or are we playing to the night  
With nobody to care?

## MARCELLO MACELLO

I'm in the hospital and he  
Lies at his house upstairs,  
For that is where he had to be  
Or mind his own affairs.

He thought that he could catch my girl,  
Sporting his fancy vest;  
But she's a bird, she doesn't care  
The way a fellow's dressed.

I tried to fight him fists and fair;  
His knife was what got me;—  
But there'll be singing at his house  
And he'll not hear it, see!

# AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

## AN APRIL IN MADISON SQUARE

Between Diana, captive on her tower,  
And Vulcan, in his chariot of stone,  
Young Pan, as in an earlier, happier hour,  
Returns with ancient antics of his own;—  
Pauses and peers to see his curious face  
Leer, slide, and lift with shattering laughs of  
spray,  
From its reflections at the fountain's edge;  
And here he comes and leans the livelong  
day,  
Winding an alternately tender pace,  
As when he tiptoed peeping through the  
sedge.

Betweenwhiles he is jealous of the sod  
That opens yonder to the cleaving spade,  
Till he has rubbed his hoof on every clod,  
Before the yellow pansy-bloom is laid,—  
Catching the wheel, making the barrow stick,  
Dodging behind it, and in golden ground  
Poking an angle-worm to deep retreat;  
Yet merging every antic, every sound,  
And every ecstasy at every trick—  
Into the rhythm of the children's feet.

## AND OTHER POEMS

---

This is the Pan who laughed because he loved,  
Who stood astride with gaily puffing cheek  
And blew the clinging green, so that it moved  
Its misty wings, warm summer-time to seek;  
Often he leaps upon a bench to rest . . .

I feel him, while I wait here in the Square,  
Glow by my side as never sun could glow,  
Cross his gay legs of tufty, curly hair,  
And hold his pipes close, close against his breast,  
Adding another to the tunes they know.

When cautiously I turn, lest he be wild  
And dart away, I find, instead of Pan,  
A wider-eyed and yet a Pan-like child,  
Who when he saw me round a tree-trunk ran  
Because I looked, but ventures back and bends  
A twinkling face, dares me to understand  
The presence of a mate whom once I knew,  
Revealed at every motion of his hand,—  
For lightly by his little finger-ends,  
You're leading him, O Pan, to go like you!

This is a noon I never shall forget;—  
It may not be like this another day,  
You may not come again, young Pan! And yet  
Have I not felt you snuggle close and say

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

That when you knelt to Him of Nazareth,  
Crept through the hay to spy the infant face  
That gathered all the pagan stars in one,  
Your old star, sanctified to greater grace,  
Was newly yours, by the soft-crowing breath  
With which He crowned your innocence of  
fun?

And so I know by every child of glee—  
That little girl who holds against her breast  
The burning of Vesuvius over-sea  
And San Francisco burning in the west,  
And reads the bitter tidings upside-down,  
This little boy who teases her to play  
And finds her fast as he when once they  
start—  
That Pan, young Pan, is no more dead than  
they!  
For I have seen him dancing into town,  
And heard his laughter piping in his heart!

## 'NOW, O MY MOTHER'

Unheeding I had often heard  
How, when you were but three,  
You had a doll whose face was blurred,  
A broken doll was she,  
And yet the cracks and seams and glue  
Meaning the deeper need of you,  
You took her to your mother-breast  
And held her close and loved her best.

Now, O my Mother, when I come  
From what I thought disgrace,  
With all the slow unhappy sum  
Of failure in my face,—  
When there is nothing left to do  
But just to tell it all to you—  
O, how I'll show the world of men!—  
You took me to your heart again!

## THE INTERVAL

The least we can do is to live, a short or a  
longer time,  
And give what we have to give, in the valiant  
pantomime,  
Of muscle, or love, or rhyme.

The most we can do is to die,—contented, dis-  
content;  
With a few to wonder why, and whither our  
spirit went,  
And what the interval meant!

Who more, since the ages began, hath known  
of the secret of breath  
Than that life is the question of man, and that  
time continueth  
The empty answer,—death!

But O the mad heart, it is beating! and beauty  
seems lastingly bright,  
As if it could never go fleeting afar on the feet  
of delight,  
And be lost in the thicket of night!



## THE DESERTER

High is the fife and low the drum,  
And people lean to see,  
And hats are off where heroes come,  
And none is off to me.

And women's eyes are wet with pride  
If luck or woe it be—  
If he have lived or if he died,  
And none are wet for me.

O home was cool and faint and far,  
And I had marched with death,  
When fever brought, as from a star,  
At last a voice, a breath!

My sweetheart's living breath, it came  
In one great rift of air!—  
Till I stole out and had no shame,  
Hung back and did not care.

And I was sick to say good-bye,  
And fell along the shore;  
For O I did not dare to die,  
Not once to see her more!

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

On ship as in a dream I lay,  
Uncertain what I'd done;  
And then remembrance broke one day  
And set not with the sun.

One hope, one right, was all I had  
Still high to hold my head—  
It was not fear had made me mad  
But love!—when I had fled . . .

And though perhaps the girl would grieve,  
She'd give me grace to live,  
For she would listen and believe,  
Would cherish and forgive.

Out of my soul the lover's song,  
To tell her I had come,  
Rose with the sun and sang along  
The stretching roofs of home.

Swift to the house upon that street  
My dreams had seen at sea  
I blundered on elated feet,  
She was so dear to me!

The people answered she was gone,—  
O yes, they knew me well—

## AND OTHER POEMS

---

And 'Where?' I asked them every one,  
And none of them could tell.

By now I've had it proven plain  
She wished me not to know;  
But here I am come back again,—  
I know not where to go!

For if I lived or if I died  
She waited not to see;  
For women's hearts are faint with pride  
And none with shame for me.

And bugles blow this day when I  
Am clean forgot by more  
Than those that had the luck to die  
In the uniform they wore.

There's drum and fife, and eyes are damp,  
And they're marching knee and knee;  
A comrade looks upon a tramp—  
But knows him not for me.

Look close, old friend, O closer yet  
Into this bearded face!  
Couldn't you catch, and then forget,  
Some half-remembered trace?

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Think of the sweethearts in the crowd  
For fellows in the line,—  
Fellows who kept the faith they vowed  
As ill as I kept mine!

O there is neither death nor life  
Nor anything for me—  
Yet here's my hat to the same old fife's  
'*My country, 'tis of thee!*'

## BACCHANALIAN

Fling back your heads, women, heavy with  
grape clusters!

Toss your mad torches! Illumine the lustres  
—Like sunny-shot flecks on a black, black sea—  
Afloat in her eyes, bewildering me.

The Earth is a jewel; he hangs 'mid the  
hair,

He gleams 'mid the teeth of my Paradise there,  
Who tilts back a face that was born to be-  
guile;

And his nights are her tresses, his days are her  
smile.

And her bosom is Time. And the Future her  
face.

And her fingers are Fate. And her being is  
Space.

And her breath is All-Sound; wherefore I am  
All-Hearing.

To lose her were Death; it is nearing!

Bacchus, thou callest; thy wine putteth wings  
On their purple-wet feet; and it sings,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

As it bleeds from their overflung jars,  
A song to her eyes, which have drunk of the  
stars.

Thou hast captured my feet unawares,  
Till lustful I struggle to burst from thy snares,  
And seize her, the Body and Soul of thy band—  
But the flight of her garment is hot in my hand.

Let thy joy, Bacchus, leap like the joy of a sea:—  
Those eyes are thy mistress, returned to thee.  
Lift up the wild bowl! She is lost! I am dead!  
Space and Time, Fate and Future, are fled.

## TWO SONGS

A nightingale sang of the birth of a rose,  
Of her richness of breath,  
Of her nearness to death,  
And her close.

And the rose, feeling heaven a desert above,  
Sent a thrill to the earth  
Of her death and her birth  
And her love.

# AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

## A BALLAD OF MARRIAGE

Gather up blossoms!  
Let them in handfuls  
Lighten like torchlight her hair and her blushes!  
Clash the glad cymbals,  
Put strength to the lute!  
On the floor be there roses, not rushes!—  
Some of them white for her maidenhood!—some,  
for her love and its flushes,  
Red as a sun arisen in beauty through passion-  
ate hushes  
Of morning! White be the roses, white as her  
lovely desire!  
Lift up the lute and the lyre!  
Red let the roses be, red as his heart is that  
trembles,  
That leaps and leaps with the cymbals,  
Red as its fire!

Is other joy complete?—  
Or any joy so sweet  
Through all the wide earth  
As in love-thoughts that beat,  
Advance, retreat,  
Mad with their birth!



## AND OTHER POEMS

---

This is their hour!  
Their time! their power!  
Bow every heart to them!  
Bow every flower!  
Bow every melody!  
Bow every pleasure!  
Earth is their drinking-cup,  
Heaven their measure!

Though white was her veil against her lips  
That parted as in play,  
Yet whiter was her waiting cheek  
Than all her bride's array;

Bright though the feast, the light in her eyes  
That opened as in play  
Was whiter than ever any light  
That blessed a marriage-day.

And though the wedding-music flew  
As many a merry bird  
Might soaring sing it, yet the tread  
Of dreams was all she heard,

Of dead dreams that in pallid file  
Came forward one by one

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

To kneel in silent courtesy,  
As living dreams had done.

From the woven woods a point-eared boy  
With leap and leafy scent  
Fled by as fast as he before  
Had followed where she went.

And one who had wooed but yesterweek,  
Lord of a moonlit land,  
While he mistily kissed her maiden cheek,  
Let lie her wedded hand.

Then passed a knight of starry mien  
Who had vowed when she should need  
To come and clasp her from alarm  
Close on a flying steed.

And he to whom she had dreamed she would  
yield  
In a swoon of sweet surprise,  
Bent tragic down with curvèd lips  
That trembled on her eyes.

And last, but not so shadowy  
As he before had come,

## AND OTHER POEMS

---

Stood a shape that thrice had visited  
With veiled mouth and dumb,

And he whispered now, at both her ears  
Amid her circling hair,  
How her lily-body and her soul  
And her listless lips were rare!

And she heard his deathly whispering,  
Though soon he went his way  
And there entered at her lids again  
The light of a marriage-day:

The sight of an honest knight, aglow  
With honest knightly pride,  
Who in love with his cup, his wife and the  
world,  
Sat singing at her side,  
Who shouted and hummed and laughed along  
Till the echoes never died,  
Who sang her just such a marriage-song  
As should be sung to a bride.

This is their hour!  
Their time! their power!  
Bow every heart to them!

# AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Bow every flower!  
Bow every melody!  
Bow every pleasure!  
Earth is their drinking-cup,  
Heaven their measure!

Gather up blossoms!  
Hurl them in handfuls  
To hover like snow on her hair and her  
blushes!  
Strike the mad cymbals,  
Put stress to the lute!

On the floor be there roses, not rushes!—  
Some, for her maidenhood, white!—some, for  
her love and its flushes,  
Red as the sun that is sunken, mute, amid shad-  
owy hushes  
Of evening! Red be the roses, red as her lover's  
desire!

Lift up the lute and the lyre!  
White let the roses be, white as her breast is  
that trembles,  
That sinks and sobs with the cymbals,  
White as its fire!

## THE LANTERN

Love went laughing by the house  
    With a lantern in his hand . .  
From a round of gay carouse  
    Out I peered to see him pass,  
Caught a flicker on the glass,  
    And I asked a laughing lass  
(One I thought might understand)  
    Who it was went by the house  
With a lantern in his hand.

So we tumbled out, we two,  
    And we followed far and steep,—  
Until neither of us knew,  
    When the birds awoke from sleep  
And the sky was turning blue,  
    If it merely were the peep  
Of a star across the land,  
    Or a willow-wisp, with pass  
Of his wand the way he flew.

But he waited in the dew,  
    Waited laughing for us two,  
While I helped the little lass;  
    And we followed him anew

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

With a joyful faint halloo!

Then he told us what we knew,  
(O that joyful little lass!)

And we saw his eyes grow deep,  
And we knew our love was true.

So when now the flashes pass—

How our two hearts understand  
Who is watching by the house  
With a lantern in his hand!

## A BALLAD OF LIFE

Smiling he spoke when the dead would ride  
To the roll of martial drum,—  
*'For soldiers who have bled and died,  
The end is nobly come!'*

So now are the drums declaring him  
Advanced among the dead,  
And slow are the axles bearing him  
With shattered arm and head.

And his hand that has held a woman's face  
In passion or in grief,  
Shall soon in less and less of space  
Be withered like a leaf.

And his heart that with hope or with battle-  
cry  
Has beat like a bell elate,  
Shall soon with the dung of cattle lie,  
To nourish birds that mate.

*'When soldiers fall as they soldierly fought,  
The end is nobly come,'—*

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Was what he would say when the dead were  
brought  
With a toll of martial drum.

Yet even the common staring thief  
Who yonder droops and swings,  
He also shall change his hand to a leaf,  
His heart to a bird that sings!



## MARIA SPIRIDONOVA

. . . "To suppress agrarian disorders due to famine, the Vice-Governor, M. Luzhenovsky, went through Tambov and began to shoot the peasants wholesale and flog them in the most atrocious manner. As he was returning from one of his expeditions, a girl named Maria Spiridonova shot him. She tried to shoot herself, but was disarmed by a blow and fell to the ground."—Prince Kropotkin, *The New York Times*, September 9, 1906.

They are damning you for murder,  
For you shot a murderer dead;  
They have stripped you and have whipped you  
With their leather and their lead,  
Till your blinded face and body  
Were as one great wound that bled.

Mary Martyr, when they formed you  
Haloes out of whip and rod,  
When they bade you name what comrade  
Helped you make a man a clod—  
Who was with you in your courage,—  
Did you tell them it was God?

Mary Martyr, though they bruised you,  
Though your body's blood they shed,  
Yet your body was His vengeance;  
And, arisen from the dead,

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

Close to God your soul shall trample  
This new serpent on the head!

For you knew, in spite of churches,  
He shall surely come again;  
And you broke the sixth commandment  
That was only one of ten,  
But you kept the great commandment:  
*'Thou shalt love thy fellow-men'!*

## GAMBETTA TO HIS MIGNONNE

My promise and your sacrifice to prove,  
You came with tenderness, you came with  
strength;

You were my battle-cry, you were my tent,  
My hand, my helm, my whole accoutrement;  
And no desire now tempts me—till at length  
You shall have been my uttermost content  
In death—save that I may not lose your love!

How I declared that I as deep should prove  
Passion's devotion, patriotism's will!—

You and my country were to share my art,  
And each of you should have an equal part!

Say is that dedication equal still,  
When no desire can enter in my heart  
At last, save that I may not lose your love?

All that I have and am, but kneels to prove  
Your inspiration, O adorèd soul!

Of your own strength have I brought back  
again,

Out of the restlessness and mortal pain,  
The tender mystery that is the whole  
Of life, and other thoughts are all as vain  
As dust!—save that I may not lose your love!

## SIN

I drew to thee, but more withstood  
Lest heart to heart should beat,  
For Heaven had had me christened good  
And would not let us meet.

And so I held from thee and fled  
And kept my body pure  
That long shall lie and moulder dead,  
Letting my soul endure.

Yet shall that soul, so utterly  
Thine in immortal sin,  
Outside of Heaven better be  
With thee, than lone within.

## THE WITCHES

Once we were women of song and caresses  
Whose days were the threads of a purple design,  
Whose gods were the power that passion confesses  
To moonlight and heart-beats, to music and wine;  
The pandering moon went ahead in the chase,  
And music impelled us with flagellant stresses;  
And many a passionate, wine-stricken face  
Has kissed and gone mad in the maze of our tresses!

Then we knew us accursed —and to wailing and kneeling  
We fell in our panic;—but life dried away  
And crevices crept among wrinkles, revealing  
The ashes that altered us crispèd and gray;  
Till our only lust left is for darkness and flame,  
In the hushes and hisses of storm to go stealing,  
And, full of abhorrent and hungering shame,  
Amid odours of death to be leaping and reeling!

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

O the horrors we fling to the night-wind that  
chases!

The flesh we desire in the vapour that floats!

O dizzy we are with the smoke in our faces,  
The flame in our eyes and the fume in our  
throats!—

With what cunning we dig! . . . with what fury  
of care

We uncover the bones that we break with  
embraces!—

And fondlingly loosen the greenish-gray hair . . .  
And loop it on branches in desolate places!

## THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH

### I

I was my merry self just now;—  
But on the instant that I turned my head,  
The ancestral flesh darted alive within me,  
Like a wolf.

It was strange to me and terrified me,  
It was rank of times and places unknown to me,  
And yet it was most sweetly urging in me,  
In every pulse and vein of me,  
Coaxing like the plea of an old friend,  
That I turn and be again at last  
The ancient savage self!

We leaped arm in arm!—  
We became one being, savage and exalted!

We set fire to all the cities,  
We overturned the mountains,  
And even while we stood motionless in one high  
spot  
We ran like a wind round the world  
And returned in effrontery before the stars.

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

We were full of all the fruits of the earth,  
Almonds and apples, pineapples and grapes,  
Of all the fountains both of milk and honey,  
Of all the flaming feathers and the sharp melodious beaks,  
Of all the hoofs and shrill neighings,  
Of all the volcanoes,  
Of the stillness of the moon and the confusion  
of great clouds,  
Of the kissing of the sun on the shade,  
And of the sea on the shore,  
And of the sword in the body,  
And of the dew on the feet.

### II

Exultant there stood a figure on the edge of a cliff,  
Leaning and twining its fingers against the sky,  
And the hair was as a water-fall at noon,  
The body as a pillar of spray,  
And through it lay the curving breast, like white rain-bows,  
And the ribs of curving ivory were bound as in soft silk,  
And the heart was beating in its place;  
And the fingers that were against the sky



## AND OTHER POEMS

---

Were drawing me like a gleaming net,  
And the mouth, that tiny red dawn,  
Was calling to me,  
Like the sight of land, and like the sound of  
sea!

Straight to the cliff,  
My hand an arrow-point,  
My foot the tip,  
Straight to the toppling edge,  
I was borne on the wind,  
Caught round in a whirlwind,  
In a whirl of spice.

And on the edge,  
For one tall crumbling moment,  
We stood in effrontery before the stars.

### III

Then was the steepness, where we fell, like a  
sword on the lips,  
The pang of destruction,  
And the base was an army of spears.

The pebbles of the shore were as flies in my  
wounds,  
And the sea threw salt.

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

The rough tongue of the sun was an abomination  
in my wounds;

And I beheld the body that had stood upon the  
cliff

Torn and sucked outward by a wave,  
The head bent under, and the open breasts

Gone in the sea

Like evil bloodshot eyes,

The feet like weeds.

### IV

But in the end came the cool firmament,

The multitude of stars,

And I stood propitiatory before them,

I lifted my hand, I stoned the ancestral wolf;

And the witnesses that had been created before  
me

Looked not away;

And I ran like a voice round the earth,

And returned like a voice from the invisible  
corners of the earth,

And sang with the stars,—

Before the mountain of darkness,

Before the foot of silence!

‘AND O THE WIND’

’Twas such a saucy little brook  
And had so beckoning a look  
    And had a wink so sly,  
That oft I follow’d where it led,  
    Caught by its roguish eye,  
Caught by the dimpling laugh that sped  
Ever ahead, ever ahead,  
    Amid the grasses growing;—  
And O the wind was blowing,  
And O the wind was high!

It seemed that I must chase and chase  
Forever at a charmèd pace  
    Among the parting grasses:  
Forever taunted by a sound  
    Of laughing-voicèd lasses  
Whom never any mortal found;  
While all around and all around  
    Green grasses should be growing,  
    And dreams be misty blowing  
    As a peril when it passes.

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

The wind is fled I know not where,  
And leaves a deadness in the air  
    And rain along the sky.  
Where am I going?—why should I run  
    Upon these muddy flats that lie  
In squalor toward a setting sun?  
Can this same pathway have begun  
    Where there were grasses growing?—  
    And O the wind was blowing,  
    And O the wind was high!

## ROVERS ALL

O body made of breezes  
From fields of early May,—  
The bee that roves and seizes  
The summer's soul away  
And stores it where he pleases,  
Remembers where you lay—  
He reeled from where you lay,  
And roving birds and breezes  
Went dizzier that day.

Though I, a wanton rover,  
Have wandered where you lay,  
Yet now when May is over  
And clover now is hay,  
The wanton worm's the rover  
That finds your lips today,  
That kisses you today,  
The buccaneering lover  
That steals your heart away!

O ecstasies! O eases!  
O dizzy night! O day!—  
The worm that roves and seizes  
The summer's soul away

## AN ODE TO HARVARD

---

And stores it where he pleases,  
Remembers where you lay,  
Has kissed you where you lay!—  
O body made of breezes,  
O body made of May!

‘OVER THE HILLS’ . . .

Over the hills to climb and flee,  
And let no heart be braver!  
And when they arise like waves of the sea  
O like a bird of the sea to be,—  
Over the hills forever!

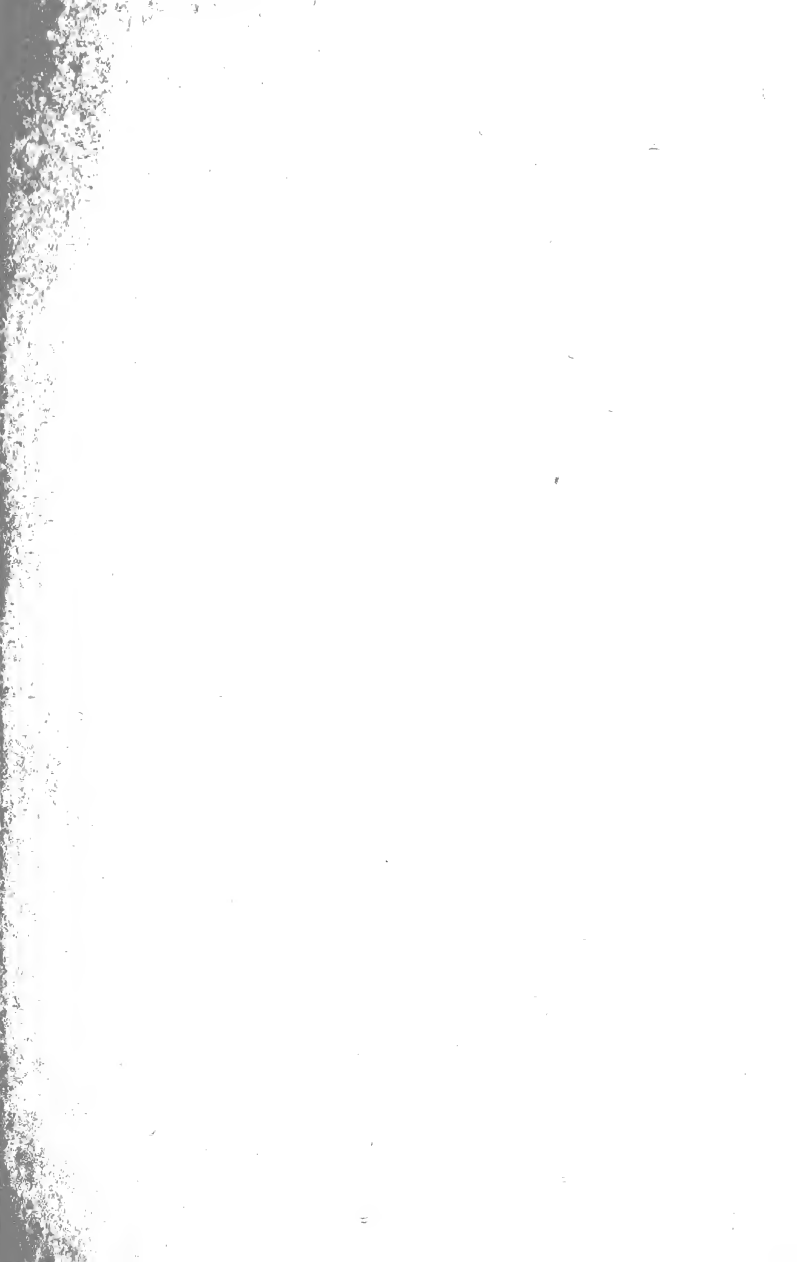
Over the hills to find content,  
To lose the gall and sorrow  
Of letting life and love be spent  
For happiness that came and went,  
Or may not come to-morrow!

Over the hills hide half-unknown  
High haunts of starry cover;  
O to steal out in the night, alone  
With one close-clasp'd whose hair is blown,—  
And be the perfect lover!

Over the hills at last to know  
The soul of some deep river!—  
And sweet in the fields to rest and grow,  
And swift in the winds to rise and blow—  
Over the hills forever!

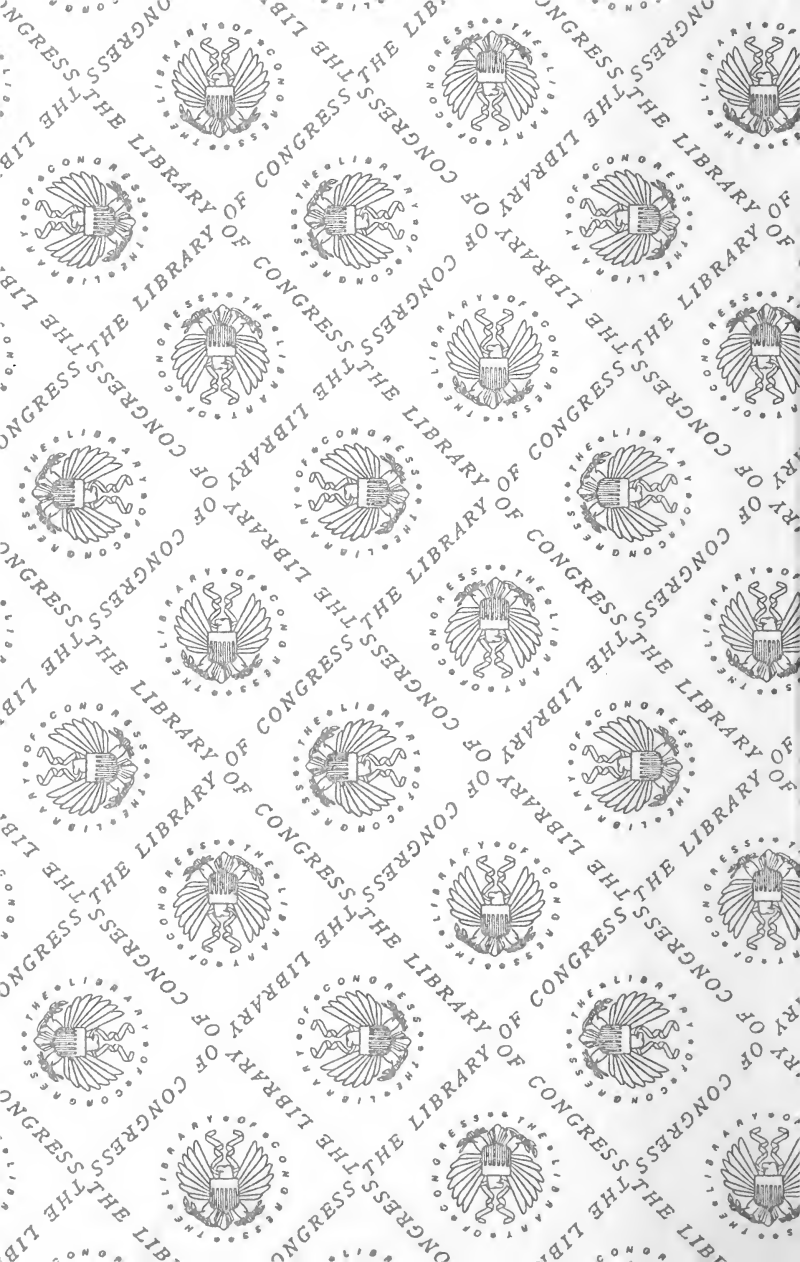


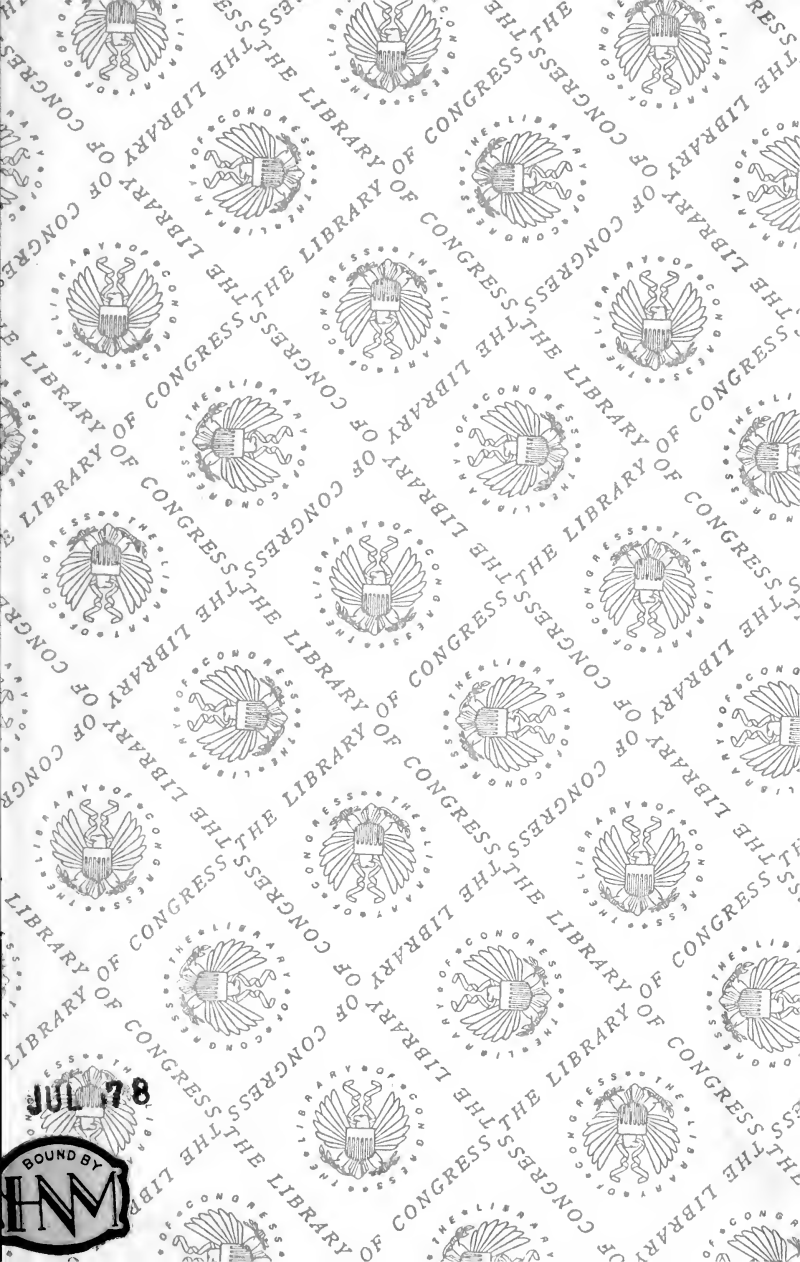












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